

# The Sketch.



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### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

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MORAL:—Depend not on quantity but quality.

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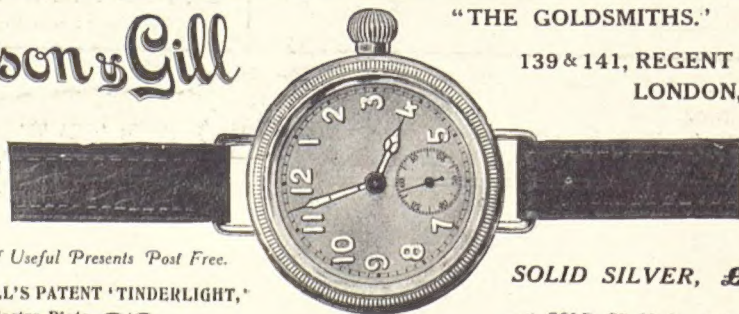


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# The Sketch

No. 1157.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



OF "OUR DISDAINFULLY MELTING CHORUS": MISS GABY DESLYS AS MRS. TOMMY TIPPERARY  
IN "ROSY RAPTURE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

In "Rosy Rapture," Mlle. Gaby Deslys—who is set down, by the way, as Miss Gaby Deslys—is seen at various times unfeathered and unpearled, which, to say the least of it, is unusual. In the programme in question she heads the list of

"Our Disdainfully Melting Chorus." In point of fact, of course, she is the leading lady of the piece, and in that capacity reveals her usual charm, if often in entirely unusual methods.—[*Photograph by News Illus.*]





# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot.")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

On Przemysl  
Night.

"Latest!" called the old man at the corner.  
"Latest edishun! Latest!"

He looked very happy, so I asked him

what was in it.

"It's on the bill," said the old man. "Latest! Latest edishun!"

"But I can't read in this light," I explained.

"Cawn't yer? Well, there's some good noos, so yer better buy a pyper."

I bought one, concealed it under my macintosh, and entered the club.

"Any news?" I asked the hall-porter.

"Yes, Sir; splendid news!"

"Good! What is it?"

"Well, it's just come in. You'll see it on the board with the other telegrams."

"I'm afraid I haven't time to look at the board. I have to catch my train. Couldn't you just——?"

"I expect it'll be in all the evening papers by this time," said the porter, and then sold six stamps with elaborate care.

In the smoking-room, everybody was smiling and chatting. "Now," I said to myself, "at last I shall hear it."

I approached one group. "This," the group-orator was explaining to four or five men who knew as much about the matter as he did, but listened from force of habit, "is the beginning of the end for Austria. You mark my words! The Russians will be at Cracow within a fortnight, and then off they go to Vienna. I tell you, this is a big event—a very big event."

"What is?" I interjected.

"Why," replied the group-orator, "this news that's just come through."

"What is it?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No."

"Oh. Well, you'll find it on the board and in all the papers."

They were talking about it in the railway-carriage. The man in the corner with his back to the engine—you know the man—was quite an authority on the subject.

"The important thing to remember is that the distance to Cracow is only one hundred and twenty-seven miles. Now ——"

"Where from?" I asked.

"Now," continued the man in the corner with his back to the engine, ignoring me utterly, "if the Russians have a similar success at Cracow——"

"Similar to what?" I pleaded.

"To this one," snapped the man in the corner.

"Which one?"

"You know very well. Don't try to be funny."

"Oh! You mean the fall of Przemysl?"

"Of course!"

"Well, my dear fellow, why on earth didn't you say so?"

Three Difficult  
Things?

"These three things," says my calendar to-day,  
"most difficult are—

To keep a secret,

To forget an injury,

And to make good use of leisure."

A saying that attains to the dignity of quotation on a tear-off calendar should, I suppose, be indisputable, and yet I cannot quite agree with my text for to-day. Is it, for example, so difficult to keep a secret? I have never found it a very difficult feat. It is often very difficult to *tell* a secret, especially—as Hickory Wood has

reminded us in an immortal recitation—when you have forgotten it. But any person of average intelligence can *keep* a secret.

At this very moment, for example, I have in my possession two secrets, in connection with the war, of the utmost importance. They came into my possession quite by accident. One relates to a decision that will change the whole aspect of the war, and the other will have an enormous bearing on the date when the war will end. But nothing would induce me to print, or to attempt to print, those secrets. If there is one thing more than another that should be conducted with the utmost secrecy, it is, obviously, war. The War Office, at any rate, can keep secrets. Lord Kitchener can keep secrets. Mr. Churchill can keep secrets. So can anybody of sound mind.

Which limits the number.

"To Forget an  
Injury."

What about forgetting an injury? That, certainly, is harder than keeping a secret.

Some people say, "I can forgive an injury, but I never forget one." Personally, I think it is easier to forget than to forgive. And it is more logical to forget than to forgive. To remember an injury is to burden your memory with something unpleasant, and why be so foolish as to do that? Forget it, by all means. Cut it out. But to forgive? Here is a very different matter. To forgive an injury means that you resume your cordial relations with the person who has injured you, which is sometimes a most illogical thing to do. An injury may be intentional or unintentional. Everybody forgives—or they should—unintentional injuries, but to forgive an intentional injury is asking for a repetition of the dose. A dog who bites you by accident should not be shot; it will not bite you again. But a dog who bites you from sheer vice—that dog should most certainly be shot, or it will bite and bite and bite.

I am not advising you, friend the reader, to shoot the person who does you an intentional injury; we may come to that when the world is a little more civilised; at present we are too primitive. But, if you have an atom of sense in your composition, you will shun that person so that you may forget the injury and give no excuse for a second dose.

"To Make  
Good Use of  
Leisure."

This third "difficult thing" is hardly worth discussing. It contradicts itself. Leisure, when it comes, is not meant to be made good use of; it is meant for leisure. Idleness is an art.

Man is such a poor hand at being idle that Nature had to invent the night and sleep. Animals have no use for the night because they know how to be idle by day. They dislike the night, just as children hate the night. It is natural to hate the night, and unnatural to welcome it. Darkness is man's punishment for being such a fool in the matter of leisure. In the beautiful story of the creation of the world, we are told, I know, that light and darkness were made before Man was made. I beg leave, reverently, to differ. I think man was made and born into a world full of sunlight. Then he began to make an ass of himself, as he has done with terrific pertinacity ever since, and so we got night, and rain, and fog, and snow, and east winds, and influenza, and the income-tax, and corns, and bad revues, and Germans, and even a few—a very, very few, but still just a few—English who are not angels in shimmering white with ten toes on the threshold of Paradise.

Therefore, after the war, when the Millennium is to rush upon us with one mighty bound, resolve to cultivate the innate but neglected gift of idleness in your leisure hours. And let us abolish all such nonsense as "Home Work," and the "Busy Bees," and the "Odd Moments Society."

Keep quiet or get under.



## AIDES: BAT AND BEAUTY SERVING THEIR COUNTRY.



1. A FAMOUS ALL-ENGLAND AND COUNTY CRICKETER PUTTING IN A FINE INNINGS FOR HIS COUNTRY: LIEUTENANT A. C. MACLAREN, OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS, IN HIS MANCHESTER RECRUITING-OFFICE.

Mr. Archibald Campbell Maclaren, the famous cricketer, is now an officer in the Army Service Corps and has taken charge of a branch recruiting-office in Manchester. He is also arranging to speak in theatres and music-halls. Mr. Maclaren, who was born at Manchester, on Dec. 1, 1871, was in the Harrow Eleven. He played for England in Australia in 1894-5, 1897-8, and 1901-2, captaining the teams during two of those seasons. Further, he played for England against Australia in 1896, 1899, 1902, 1905

2. THE ZENA DARE OF OTHER DAYS IN THE FRENCH RED CROSS: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT WAITING ON SOLDIERS IN A CELLAR AT THE FRONT.

and 1909, captaining the teams in three of those years. He has been captain of Lancashire, and is maker of a record score in cricket.—Our readers will recall that that very popular actress, Miss Zena Dare, married the Hon. Maurice Brett, second son of Viscount Esher, in January of 1911. Mrs. Brett has a son and a daughter. Her husband has had considerable experience of soldiering. She herself has joined the French Red Cross, and is somewhere on the Continent.

Photographs by C.N. and Photopress.



## OXFORD BLUES TO GIVE THE GERMANS BLUES! FAMOUS



1. F. W. NICHOLAS (Athletics; 5th Beds.).
2. G. M. SPROULE (Athletics; A.S.C.).
3. E. A. SOUTHEE (Athletics and Rugby; A.S.C.).
4. N. REID (Rugby; I.L.H.).
5. R. BODDINGTON (Racquets; Yeomanry).
6. D. N. GAUSSEN (Athletics; 8th Beds.).
7. D. J. KNIGHT (Cricket; Artists' Rifles).
8. G. B. RUDD (Football; 6th Leicester).
9. E. L. KEATINGE (Athletics; Northumberland Fusiliers).
10. A. C. WILLIAMSON (Rugby; R.N.V.R.).
11. W. G. BOSWELL (Cricket; 5th Rifles).
12. D. M. BAIN (Rugby; 3rd Gordons).
13. E. A. SHAW (Cricket; 6th O.B.L.I.).

14. HON. J. LESLIE-MELVILLE (Polo; 2nd Lovats' Scouts).
15. C. J. CAMPBELL (Lawn-Tennis; 5th Rifles).
16. P. H. DAVIES (Cricket; R.G.A.).
17. W. J. PEARSE (Lawn-Tennis; King Edward's Horse).
18. H. B. STOKOE (Golf; 6th Yorks. L.I.).
19. L. P. MERRIAM (Rugby and Swimming; 7th Rifles).
20. W. F. WIGGINS (Rowing; Grenadier Guards).
21. F. A. PITMAN (Rowing; Royal Scots).
22. R. W. MAY (Golf; Durham L.I.).
23. A. F. WIGGIN (Hockey; 13th Rifles).
24. J. E. BATH (Athletics; 5th Berks.).
25. L. S. LEE (Lawn-Tennis; O.B.L.I.).
26. E. F. HERRING (Lawn-Tennis; King Edward's Horse).

27. F. C. NAUMANN (Cricket; H.A.C.).
28. F. W. THOMPSON (Rugby; 7th Royal Scots).
29. A. N. JACKSON (Athletics; 13th R.B.).
30. B. BURDEKIN (Rowing; R.F.A. Reserve).
31. A. G. BARRY (Golf; Kitchener's Army).
32. R. F. POPHAM (Football; 6th Norfolks).
33. G. COLES (Hockey; 7th Hants.).
34. C. F. BALDWIN (Athletics; 5th Worcesters.).
35. A. C. WILKINSON (Athletics; A.S.C.).
36. G. ROBERTSON (Athletics; Royal Scots).
37. M. D. THOMAS (Athletics; 6th North Lancasters).
38. C. M. MACRAE (Athletics; 4th Hants.).

In the last Number of "The Sketch" we gave portraits of 76 of the 115 Cambridge Blues of 1914 who have enlisted. This week we give portraits of 76 of the 127 Oxford Blues of 1914 who have joined the colours. Ten of the 1914 Cricket Eleven are serving their country; ten of the Football Eleven; fourteen Rugby Blues; nine swimmers; all the seven boxing Blues; eight of the nine golf Blues; the whole of the University Crew; seven hockey Blues; all the six



## UNIVERSITY SPORTSMEN OF 1914 WHO ARE WITH THE COLOURS.



37. J. M. WHITE (Rugby; R.A.M.C.).  
 40. J. B. KINDERSLEY (Rowing; R.F.A.).  
 41. O. BRISTOWE (Cricket and Golf; H.A.C.).  
 42. W. F. McCLURE (Golf; Argyll and Sutherlands).  
 43. E. D. HORSFALL (Rowing; 9th Batt. R.B.).  
 44. G. B. CROLE (Golf; Dragoon Guards).  
 45. W. H. AITKEN (Lawn-Tennis; 6th Norfolks).  
 46. COUNT DE SALIS (Fencing; Cavalry).  
 47. H. D. VERNON (Football; 7th Liverpool).  
 48. R. MORTON (Boxing; R.M.C.).  
 49. G. R. COLMAN (Cricket; 7th Rifles).  
 50. O. JENKIN (Rugby; University Welsh Fusiliers).

51. E. L. BURY (Golf; R.E.).  
 52. G. W. TITHERINGTON (Rowing; O.B.L.I.).  
 53. R. H. JOBSON (Golf; R.F.A.).  
 54. E. G. LOUDOUN-SHAND (Rugby; 8th K.R.R.).  
 55. W. KERR (Hockey; R.N.V.R.).  
 56. J. V. REES (Rugby; S. W. Borderers).  
 57. T. POCOCK (Athletics; 4th Liverpools).  
 58. J. N. RICHARDSON (Football; 6th Royal Berks).  
 59. IAN CLARKE (Rugby; 4th Gordons).  
 60. R. W. FLETCHER (Rowing; R.F.A.).  
 61. H. K. WARD (Rowing; R.A.M.C.).  
 62. J. S. CARR (Football; 3rd Royal Berks).  
 63. K. A. MACKENZIE (Hockey; Cameron Highlanders).

64. M. J. SELINCOURT (Athletics; 17th North Staffs.).  
 65. J. D. DEWAR (Boxing; Cameron Highlanders).  
 66. W. H. HINDE (Hockey; A.S.C.).  
 67. E. W. FABER (Athletics; Durham L.I.).  
 68. H. H. WATKINS (Hockey; S. W. Borderers).  
 69. B. G. VON MOLTE (Cricket; King Edward's Horse).  
 70. H. F. WHITFIELD (Hockey; East Kent).  
 71. G. DONALD (Rugby; Asst. Surgeon, H.M. Torpedo-boat 14).  
 72. M. HOWELL (Cricket and Football; 6th Lancasters).  
 73. H. B. WELLS (Rowing; R.F.A.).  
 74. T. S. GENT (Football; 7th Rifle Corps).  
 75. R. S. WHITE (Football; 8th Leicester).  
 76. H. B. MOORE (Rugby; 9th K.R.R.).

lawn-tennis Blues; two billiard Blues; and three polo Blues. The Athletic and Cross Country teams are represented by sixteen; and there are three fencing Blues; four tennis Blues; five lacrosse Blues; five gymnastic Blues; a racquets Blue; a chess Blue; three point-to-point riders; and three ice-hockey players. Who will now dare argue, against sport?—[Photographs by Hills and Saunders, and S. and G.]



## OUR SUPPLEMENT.

WE present to our readers with the present Number of *The Sketch* "A Duck's Egg," one of the daintily artistic colour fantasies from the brush of Mr. Raphael Kirchner, whose mastery of dreamy nuances, together with his notable delicacy of touch and execution, have given him fame. The original of our reproduction is in the possession of the Bruton Galleries, Bruton Street, W.

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### FICTION.

The Fate of Margaret Scere. By an Officer of the Grand Fleet. 3s. 6d. (*Century Press*.)  
The Woman in the Car. Richard Marsh. 6s. (*Unwin*.)  
A Shadow of '57. A. M. Scott Moncrieff. 6s. (*Unwin*.)  
Cicely In Ceylon. Major F. A. Symons. 6s. (*Lynwood*.)  
The Rat-Pit. Patrick MacGill. 6s. (*Jenkins*.)  
Skirts of Straw. Sophie Cobb. 6s. (*Mills and Boon*.)  
The House of the Foxes. Katharine Tynan. 6s. (*Smith, Elder*.)  
The Chronicles of the Imp. Jeffery Farnol. 3s. 6d. (*Sampson, Low*.)

### FICTION—(Continued)

White Heat. Pan. 6s. (*Mills and Boon*.)  
Long Furrows. Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (*Mills and Boon*.)  
MISCELLANEOUS.  
Automatic - Pistol Shooting. Walter Winans. 3s. 6d. (*Putnam's*.)  
The Life of H.M. King Albert of the Belgians. John de Courcy MacDonnell. 1s. net (*Long*.)  
Aircraft in the Great War. Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper. 7s. 6d. net. (*Unwin*.)  
Krupp's and the International Armaments Ring. H. Robertson Murray. 2s. 6d. net. (*Hodder and Hardingham*.)

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### GERMAN HATE AND IGNORANCE: A DOCTOR'S PRISON EXPERIENCES.\*

#### A Red Cross Prisoner.

It is granted that Mr. Austin, being in the service of the Red Cross, should not have been arrested by the Germans, much less imprisoned for many weeks. Certainly, the several jails in which he was interned—Cologne, Torgau, Burg, and Magdeburg—were not Donington Halls. Yet it must be admitted that, although the treatment meted out to him was hard, it was not essentially Prussian: there were many bugs to face, but not brutality; he suffered much in dignity, not so much in person. That does not make his book any the less interesting or important, for he is able to reveal from personal experience details of the "Gott strafe England" attitude which has become familiar to us, and painfully familiar to less lucky British prisoners—of the rank and file more particularly.

#### Hate in Full Swing.

Mr. Austin's first experience of the Hate directed against us and ours was with certain examining officers who persisted in regarding him as a spy: his first important experience when he was being taken to Cologne. At Bouvigny, the frontier station—he was captured in Belgium—he writes: "At this particular station quite little girls of sixteen and seventeen, wearing the Red Cross, would come and mock us through the window, and with unmistakable gestures indicate that we should be hanged." Of his march to prison at Cologne, he records: "We had not gone more than a few yards from the station, and were passing through the great open space that faces the main entrance to Cologne Cathedral, when a large and threatening crowd began to collect round us. At first we had one soldier apiece on our flanks and several in front and behind, but very shortly it was necessary to put a ring of police outside that, and finally a squadron of mounted police. Every insulting and abusive epithet in the German language was hurled at us, and the crowd had to be kept back by the police with swords used on the flat." Treatment and reception at other places varied, but there remained a great desire not to believe that Mr. Austin was a surgeon: at Cologne he had to pass a special examination in the signs, symptoms, pathology, and bacteriology of acute pneumonia, and answer the chief medical officer of the local Army Corps, who placed his hand on a particular part of his body and said: "If a bayonet was struck straight through there, what anatomical structures would be involved?"

#### Germany's Use for the French Fleet; and Other Matters.

There are many other things to glean from the book. Here is something about "news" as conveyed to the Germans. "While in prison," he writes of Cologne, "we obtained some news . . . and were informed . . . that the British Army was in twos and threes, completely disorganised, and the remnants were in full flight. . . . The jailers . . . told us of a desperate state of affairs in England; of the entire cessation of business; the huge rising in Ireland; and a great Zeppelin raid which had practically destroyed London . . . they knew that England was separated by a narrow band of water from the coast of France, but seemed perfectly confident that invasion would be easy and that their large guns, if once planted on the coast, would be able to carry to London. The Commandant assured me that the fall of Paris was imminent, and that when Paris had fallen France would ask for peace; that the first term of peace would be immediate surrender of the whole of the French Fleet, which would then be manned by the Germans in order that they might have a large enough navy to overwhelm the English easily." That was some idea! Ireland seems to have puzzled the enemy not a little. At Burg the order was given to the captive officers: "Irish Roman Catholics fall out." After this "the Irishmen who had been selected from the ranks were placed in a larger and more airy room than the others, and were not mixed with the Allied officers. On the day after their arrival they were each of them examined by German officers, and were asked whether they would care to serve with the German Army against England." Could ignorance go further?

#### War-Bread; and Enemy Sentry-Dogs.

Another note or two, and we leave the book as a whole to our readers, who will find it most entertaining and informative. First, war-bread. "The bread was that known as the 'war-bread,' which is made half of potato-flour, and is of a light-brown colour and a rather stodgy consistency. It is not exactly unpleasant, but it is dull." Then, sentry-dogs. "For a long time previous to our arrival at Magdeburg we had been informed that large and savage dogs were to be provided to aid the sentries. When at last they arrived, they turned out to be of that type of dog that the police of Paris use for hunting down criminals. They were certainly savage enough, but were always led by a sentry, or chained in their den, and were never let loose on us. We were told that they were highly trained, and although, if let loose, they would knock down a man with ease and pin him to the ground, they would not bite."—Mr. Austin's is a book to be read.

\* "My Experience as a German Prisoner." By L. J. Austin, F.R.C.S. (Andrew Melrose; 2s. net.)





PERILS OF THE AIR AND THE LAND: LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR W. R. ROBERTSON.

**Pitfalls in Paris.** A man who was in Paris when the Zeppelins made their ineffectual raid tells me that the greatest danger to such of the Parisians as were about in the small hours of the morning was not the bombs dropped from the skies. Some over-zealous persons put out the lights on the barriers where the roads were being repaired, so that any taxicabs that were abroad, or any people who in the darkness thought that the roads were safer than the side-walks, tumbled into pitfalls of all kinds.

**Our Dilapidated Roads.** If the Zeppelins threaten us with a visit, it is to be hoped that no over-zealous persons will put out the road-lights on the barricades on our London roads, for never since wooden roads were laid down have there been so many booby-traps as there are at the present moment in the West End of London. I suppose that, on account of the scarcity of labour, our municipal authorities are patching the roads instead of relaying them, but if all the street lights were to be extinguished, as was done in Paris, and if the red lamps were also put out, there would be a fine tale of broken limbs reported next morning, and the holes in the streets would most likely be more dangerous than anything the Zeppelins would do.

**What the Aero-planes Did.**

The night on which the Zeppelins attempted to raid Paris was misty, and the great dirigibles took cover in the clouds, and in that way escaped from the aeroplanes which went up to attack them, and which turned them off in flight while they were still over the suburbs of the city. The anti-air-craft guns claim to have hit one of the Zeppelins, but did not bring it down. Four Zeppelins started on the raid, but only two got as far as Paris.

them have to contend is that a practice-target resembling a Zeppelin in flight has yet to be invented. Our flying-men, I know, are more than eager to be given a chance in the sky against a fleet of Zeppelins, and they have had more practice in night-flights than the airmen of any other nation.

**Compiègne.** The Zeppelins, disappointed of their attack on Paris, where, no doubt, they would have liked to drop a bomb or two on the Elysée, the President's official palace, dropped a number of incendiary missiles at Compiègne, which is the official country residence of the Chief Magistrate of France. Berlin says this was done because Compiègne is a railway junction, but Berlin is extraordinarily fertile in such excuses. Louis XV. was the monarch who built the château, and there is a walk from the terrace to the forest to which a pretty interest attaches, for the path was made and trellised for its whole length at the order

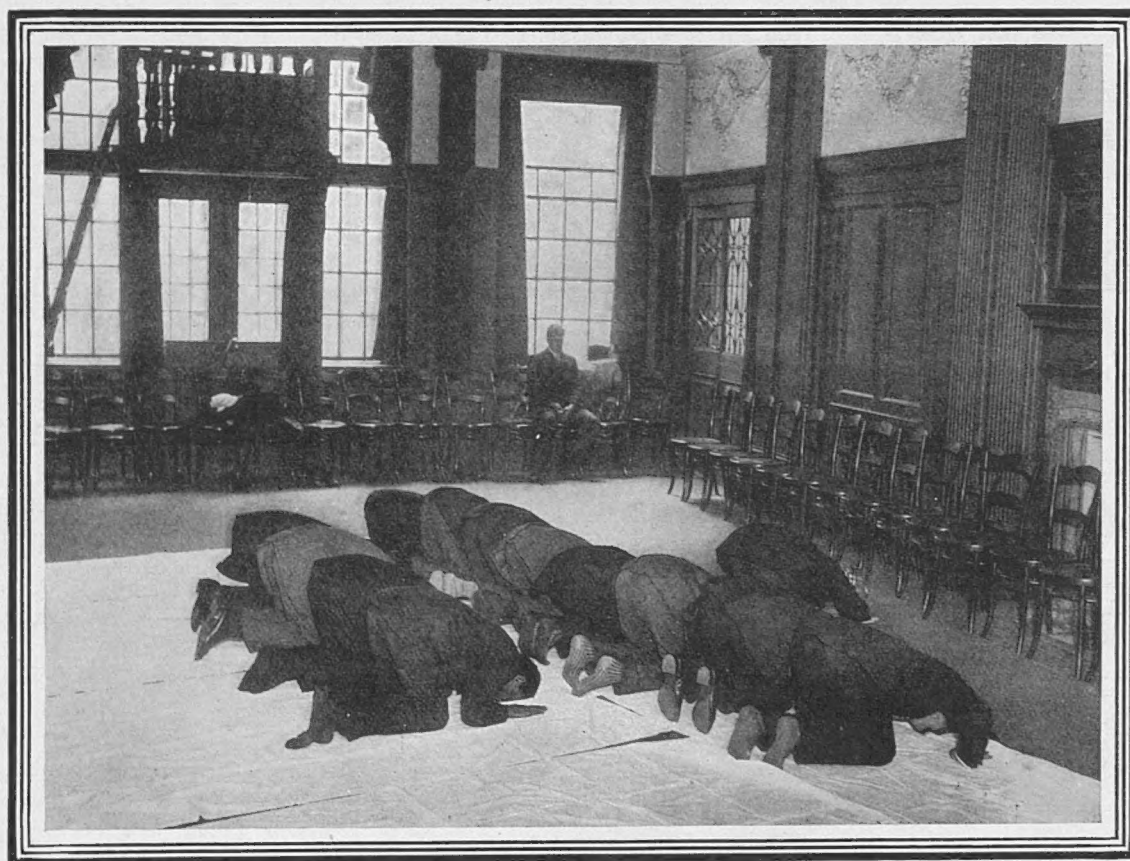
of Napoleon, to remind the Empress Marie Louise of her favourite trellised walk at Schenbrunn. The forest in which the President gives his official shooting-parties is a large one, even for French forests, and is criss-crossed with hundreds of beautiful rides.

**A Fine Career.**

Lieut. - General Sir W. R. Robertson is now gazetted as Chief of the Staff to the British Army in France. No soldier of to-day has had a more remarkable career than that of Sir William. He has worked his way up from the bottom of the ladder, having commenced his service as a soldier by enlisting in the 16th Lancers—the one regiment of Lancers that

wears a scarlet coat. He was a Dragoon Guard as a Subaltern, and then he found his true vocation as a transport officer and an officer in the Intelligence Department in India.

**The King and the National Guard.** The King has reviewed the National Guard of the City of London in that he watched them march past him through the Gardens of Buckingham Palace with brass bands and pipers to make music for them. It is a high compliment to a body of patriotic men who are learning at their own expense to carry arms, and are ready to serve their country in any great crisis. Having paid this compliment to one of the Volunteer organisations, the other bodies will consider themselves rather left out in the cold if his Majesty does not pay them a similar honour; and I have no doubt that when their training is somewhat more advanced, the King, with his usual thoughtfulness, will, one of these days, witness a similar defile of the London regiments of the National Association, with an ex-Commander-in-Chief of India at their head.



LONDON MUSSULMANS MEET FOR PRAYER AT NOTTING HILL GATE: A GATHERING OF THE FAITHFUL.

The too-flippant cynicism which accused London of having a hundred religions, but only one sauce, had a basis of truth, inasmuch as there are few forms of faith unrepresented in what the late Rev. Maurice Davies called "Unorthodox London." Probably few Londoners suspect the existence in prosaic Notting Hill Gate of a meeting-place of faithful Muslims, where the call to prayer may be heard every week at the Lindsey Hall. Our photograph shows a gathering of the faithful, who divest themselves of their shoes—for the place is "holy ground"—and prostrate themselves in worship of Allah. The centre of the floor is kept clear and covered with a white cloth, and many Muslims living in London gather together, devoutly following the service, conducted by Maulvi Sadruddin.

Photograph by Topical.

**A Good Omen for London.**

All this is very reassuring, for if a serious raid on Paris, undertaken at their own chosen time by Zeppelins, is a failure, then the chances of a successful raid on London become very small indeed. There are sudden gusts of wind over the Channel that are not met with on a journey overland, and if half the Zeppelins that started for Paris had to turn back, a less proportion would probably be able to accomplish the journey to London—a journey of greater length and of greater difficulties. Paris had ample warning of the coming of the enemy air-ships, and though a misty night may give them cover from view, no clouds can deaden the unmistakable sound of their engines. Whether our anti-air-craft guns would make any better practice than the French guns did, no man can tell, and I believe that one of the difficulties with which the crews that man



WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



CAPTAIN D. NELSON, V.C.—FOR BEING ABLE TO BRING UP YOUNG GUNNER-HEROES ON "L" BATTERY TRADITIONS.



WING-COMMANDER LONGMORE—FOR GIVING THE GERMAN SUBMARINE-BUILDERS WHAT-HOBOKEN, NEAR ANTWERP



MR. ROBERT LORAINE—FOR RETURNING TO THE WINGS (R.F.C.) WITH THE ROYAL VALEDICTION OF CHARLES THE SECOND.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT A. ROSHER—FOR PILOTING ONE OF THE ÜBER-UNTER-SEE-BOOTS AT HOBOKEN, NEAR ANTWERP



SQUADRON-COMMANDER IVOR T. COURTNEY—FOR TEACHING THE GERMANS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ÜBER AND UNTER.

Second-Lieutenant (formerly Sergeant) D. Nelson, who received the V.C. and a commission for his heroism with "L" Battery at Nery, has now been appointed Captain-Instructor at the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness.—The air-raid on the German submarine works at Hoboken, near Antwerp, was reported to the Admiralty by Wing-Commander Longmore. He said: "Squadron-Commander Ivor T. Courtney and Flight-Lieutenant

A. Rosher reached their objective and, after planing down to 1000 feet, dropped four bombs each on the submarines."—Mr. Robert Loraine, the well-known actor-airman, recently started for the front again to resume his duties with the R.F.C. Many friends gave him a hearty send-off at the Green Room Club. Mr. Fred Terry hastened thither from the Strand Theatre, arrayed as the Merry Monarch in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."

Photographs by Bassano, Birkett, and Topical.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL—FOR BEING RELIEVED BY THE FALL OF PRZEMYSL FROM EXPLAINING HOW TO PRONOUNCE IT.

The Grand Duke Michael has been indefatigable in explaining the pronunciation of Przemyśl. Now that it has fallen he will be able to take a little holiday.—Giving evidence in the revue copyright case, in which he and Miss Ida Crispi, as defendants, got the verdict, Mr. Fred Farren said he told the author of the revue, "A Mixed Grill" (regarding the scene in dispute, called "The Eternal Triangle") that he wanted



MR. FRED FARREN AND MISS IDA CRISPI—FOR SHOWING THAT A LITTLE "CAT'S-MEAT" GOES DOWN VERY WELL IN "A MIXED GRILL."

"a cat's-meat drama, that being the name given to a cheap drama—seven murders in one act."—Sir John French is reported to have told an interviewer that the problem of the war was "munitions, more munitions, always more munitions," also that he did not believe in a protracted war, and that he was convinced that "definite victory awaits us."—[Photographs by Langfieri and L.N.A.]



SIR JOHN FRENCH—FOR BELIEVING THE WAR WILL NOT BE PROTRACTED, AND QUALIFYING FOR THE OPTIMISTS.



MR. RICHARD READING—FOR PROVIDING THE "SPORTING CHRONICLE" WITH THE BEST "COPY" IT COULD EVER WANT.

Mr. Richard Reading, Editor of the "Sporting Chronicle," joined the Belgian Army as a mitrailleuse man. Wounded in an armoured-car skirmish, he seized the springs as the car started back, and was dragged half a mile. The author of "A Surgeon in Belgium," who operated on him, describes his conduct as "one of the most splendid



THE GERMAN PEOPLE—FOR BEING SO EASILY AMUSED BY SPECIMENS OF TEUTONIC HUMOUR IN THE CRUDELY UNFLATTERING FORM OF EASTER-EGG CARICATURES OF THEIR ENEMIES.

examples of real British grit of which I have ever heard."—The German Easter-egg caricatures of British, French, Russian, and Japanese soldiers typify the crude forms taken by Teutonic humour.—Earl Percy, it is said, "understudying Colonel Swinton as 'Eye-Witness,' has, during the latter's illness, written several recent 'descriptive accounts,'"



EARL PERCY—FOR BEING "THE OTHER EYE" OF "AN EYE-WITNESS PRESENT WITH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS."

Photographs by C.N. and Newspaper Illus.



## THE BEAUTY-QUEEN WIFE OF A "QUEEN ELIZABETH" OFFICER.



COUSIN OF HER HUSBAND AND CONNECTED WITH THE FAMOUS ADMIRAL HOWE  
AND THE GREAT MARLBOROUGH : VISCOUNTESS CURZON.

Viscountess Curzon, a Beauty Queen of British Society, is the wife of Viscount Curzon, only son of Earl Howe, and is the only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon. She has a son, born in 1908; and a daughter, born in 1910. Her husband, who, as a Commander of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, is aboard

the "Queen Elizabeth" at the Dardanelles, is not only a descendant of the famous Admiral Howe, but, through his mother, has the great Marlborough as an ancestor. The Viscountess is her husband's cousin, and has always been very popular in Society.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



## PALATIAL AS EVER: "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915."



MISS GWENDOLINE BROGDEN AS GRETCHEN, AND MR. NELSON KEYS AS HEINRICH, A GERMAN WAITER RELEASED FROM INTERNMENT TO TAKE UP A "FAT" JOB.



A BANTAM: MR. NELSON KEYS SINGING "THE FOUR-FOOT-TEN BRIGADE" (WITH CHORUS) IN "THE FANCY FAIR" SCENE OF "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915" AT THE PALACE.



IN A "TRAVESTY" OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD": MR. LEWIS SYDNEY AS HAM; MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR AS PEGGOTTY; AND MR. NELSON KEYS AS LITTLE EM'LY.



THE KNUT AND THE BUCK: MR. BASIL HALLAM AS GILBERT THE FILBERT; AND MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR AS JOHN JAMES JUGGERNAUT.

On the programme at the Palace Theatre the *pièce de résistance* is, of course, the revue, "The Passing Show of 1915," with book and lyrics by Arthur Wimperis and Hartley Carrick, and melodious music by Herman Finck. It opens with a scene called

"The Revue Factory," in which is included a travesty of "David Copperfield." Then follow Scene II, "Love is Blind"; Scene III, "Under the Clock"; and Scene IV, "The Fancy Fair." In the last-named, Miss Elsie Janis gives some Impressions.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



## IN A VERY EXCITING BOUDOIR AND DRESSES: MISS TREE.



STOCKING-CHANGING: MISS VIOLA TREE IN THE DRESSING-JACKET STAGE OF HER TOILET IN "DINNER FOR EIGHT,"  
AT THE AMBASSADORS'.



IN HER BLACK-WALLED BOUDOIR AND AMONG HER LACQUER FURNITURE: MISS TREE AS MRS. AUDLEY.  
AT THE TELEPHONE, IN MR. BENSON'S LITTLE PLAY.

Miss Viola Tree (Mrs. Alan Parsons) has returned to the stage, and is appearing at the Ambassadors' Theatre in "Dinner for Eight," by E. F. Benson, of "Dodo" and considerable other fame. Miss Tree herself has described her stage-boudoir as very exciting. It has black walls; and there is lacquer furniture, including a red-lacquer dressing-table. Miss Tree's frocks are another feature; were designed by herself;

and, to all intents and purposes, were made in her own house. Needless to say, all the skirts are full. In the first photograph, Miss Tree, as Mrs. Audley, is on the left; and Miss Maidie Hope, as Zink, on the right. In the second photograph are (from left to right): Miss Maidie Hope; Miss Viola Tree; and Miss Marjorie Deane, as Mrs. Montague.





### REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN M. DE ROBECK.

"REAR-ADMIRAL DE ROBECK, a sailor of exceptional attainments, succeeds Admiral Carden in the Dardanelles command." This announcement was dated two days before the gravest episode in the bombardment. Illness, according to the Admiralty statement, deprived Admiral Carden of the painful glory of the great engagement at the close of which three British and French battle-ships were sunk by mines. Only a few weeks ago Fleet Street (which knows nothing about the Fleet) was busily turning up Carden in the reference-books, and stating, on the good evidence of his rank, that he, too, was an officer "of exceptional attainments."

#### Nelsons of Another Name.

When, at such times, we consult our friend the naval expert, he generally proves as ignorant as the general public about the heads of our Navy. We all have our Jacky Fisher by heart, we know about Lord Charles, Percy Scott, Prince Louis, Culme-Seymour, and Sir Hedworth Meux—they have always been fair game for the paragraphists; but about the men who have done the work in the present war England, as a whole, was singularly uninformed. She had not even a nodding acquaintance with Sir John Jellicoe: his name has become a household word in six months—before, it might just as well have been Jenkins!

#### The Great Unknown.

Admiral de Robeck is an even more remarkable example of the great unknown. Respected and popular in naval circles, he was not even a name outside them. An officer of equal reputation in the Army would inevitably enjoy—if that is the word—some sort of general fame. The Navy, in other words, does not advertise. Possibly a charge of showiness could be brought against certain gallant officers of the Fleet, but they are those who have learned their flourishes at Westminster. The fighting men belong to a close corporation; they keep their lights under cover. We are now receiving epoch-making despatches from an officer whose place in the nation is every bit as important as a Cabinet Minister's. But three weeks ago, for all that, the signature they bear would have meant nothing to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of his countrymen. Indeed, I doubt if they would recognise it for an Englishman's.

**Who's Not Who.** Turn to last year's "Who's Who," with its illimitable catalogue of distinguished and undistinguished celebrities, and you will learn next to nothing of the Admiral. His existence is barely mentioned. There is an entry for his brother, the holder of a Swedish title of nobility, and for his nephew, heir to that title. Baron de Robeck was a Captain in the Royal Artillery, and, as Lieutenant-Colonel of Militia, has been energetic in the Kildare and Wicklow districts in the work of stimulating military ardour. But it is the Swedish title rather than his service to the State that ensures him a place in the vasty shallows of that most catholic roll of honour. The barony, let it be said in passing, is the only Swedish title of nobility held by a

British subject. The Admiral's great-grandfather, the second holder, was naturalised in England during the reign of George III., after serving in the Swedish and French armies.

#### Submerged.

More remarkable than the little lapse (now corrected) in "Who's Who," is the absence of the Admiral's name from the 1912 Royal Navy List of "the services, honours, and special qualifications of officers, active and retired, of the Royal Navy." We thus have a Rear-Admiral in command of the Allied Fleets in the Dardanelles who, three years ago, had no "special qualifications" of any sort to record in a list containing thousands upon thousands of entries of living seamen. Truly, Rear-Admiral de Robeck has been very shy of print. In specialising in torpedo and under-water warfare, he has also specialised in the art of suppression.

#### Invaluable New Fangles.

Since 1912 he has been Admiral of Patrols—a post calculated to give scope to all the talents. It means a full acquaintance with every form of small craft, with mines and mining, with the launching of torpedoes from the shore, with intricate questions of the correlation of land and sea gun-fire. Rear-Admiral de Robeck is a man of rather more than middle-age; his great youthfulness lies in his ability to grasp the significance of the latest naval notion. Time and again, in mess-room gatherings, he has made younger men seem old-fashioned by comparison. De Robeck is known to be "advanced"—as far advanced as the youngest German engineer within range of his big guns. Forty years of service have not staled his delight in experiment and practice. He has never been the drudge of stationary convictions, for he feels that no one man has time to grow sure about the experimental science of the sea before he is obliged to shift his ground. He is a member of the Army and Navy Club, but knows the dangers of arm-chair certitudes. One of his maxims is that the man who spends his life inventing a torpedo-net is more likely to be blown up than the man who fires the torpedo. To attack, and keep attacking, is an article of faith with him.

#### Sea-Horses and Others.

Like Admiral Carden, he has lived in Ireland; and his looks and ways

let you know it. His holidays have been given to hunting and shooting, and there is a zest about his talk of horses that puts to shame the cold, calculating expertise of the thoroughbred Englishman. I suppose the sailor predominates in his composition, but six months' leave would turn him into the perfect type of West-Country squire. He made, in his year, a pre-eminently good-humoured Captain of the Boys' Training Establishment, full of the ease and bluntness that find approval with the young; but that his success was more than one of manners was proved by the Admiralty choice of him as the first holder of a newly created post of great responsibility. As Admiral of Patrols he had to do pioneer work, and in the Dardanelles he is up against a "proposition" of unparalleled difficulty.



THE NEW BRITISH COMMANDER IN THE DARDANELLES: REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN MICHAEL DE ROBECK.

Rear-Admiral (Acting Vice-Admiral) John M. de Robeck, who succeeded to the command of the fleets in the Dardanelles on the illness of Vice-Admiral Carden, was born in June 1862, and entered the Navy in July 1875. He became a Rear-Admiral in 1911, when he had held the good service pension for two years. For the greater part of 1911 he was the Inspecting Captain of Boys' Training Establishment, and in April of the following year he became the first Admiral of Patrols, a command which embraced all the torpedo craft allotted to coast-defence in time of war. Rear-Admiral de Robeck is the second son of the fourth Baron de Robeck, D.L., J.P., of Gowran Grange, Naas, Ireland, and is the brother of the present Baron de Robeck, the only British subject holding a Swedish title of nobility. The Rear-Admiral's great-grandfather, second holder of this peerage, was naturalised in England during the reign of George III., after he had served in the Swedish and the French Armies.

Photograph by Abrahams and Sons.



## A COYNE OF THE REALM OF ENGLAND: JOE AS SMITH.



"HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT" EXPRESSIONS: MR. JOSEPH COYNE AS O. VIVIAN SMITH,  
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

In appearing at the Prince of Wales's as O. Vivian Smith, Mr. Joseph Coyne is but adding to laughter-loving London's indebtedness to him. We have practically forgotten, indeed, that Mr. Coyne hails from the other side. He is now so identified with our stage that he may be called, perhaps, a Coyne of the realm of England, a sovereign

remedy against depression. Mr. Coyne can certainly not complain of the notices he got after the first night. The "Daily Telegraph," for instance, said: "Mr. Joseph Coyne had a hysterical reception." In these days of anxiety and impecuniosity, such sterling Coyne is simply invaluable to have in circulation.





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

SIR EDWARD GREY, who has been finding time to listen to a lecture on the war, does not always seek such grave diversions. He believes in the five minutes of grace that saves the overburdened soul, and he is expert in snatching such salvation. The squirrels that help him through with his breakfast in the

country, and generally prove more diverting than the morning's "leader," make only one incident in his scheme of things. The other day the Foreign Office was disturbed by whistling in the corridor. It was Sir Edward, on his way to lunch, practising the warbler's note.

### *Must We Be Different?*

How much difference does the war make? In theory, tastes and habits must be affected by the catastrophe round the corner; but in fact the change, for many people, comes very slowly, if at all. Time and again men who have gone through the whole of the Ypres fighting find themselves in the old groove a couple of hours after getting home. They pay just as much attention, and rather more, to a favourite cigar or a favourite picture. They do not slur, by ten minutes, the long-established

was extremely popular both in England and Ireland.

*A Real Captain.* If the theory that England's battles are won on the playing-fields were carried to a logical conclusion, Gilbert Jessop would be commanding an Army Corps in France. As it is, the War Office has shown some recognition of the great batsman's qualifications for the game of war by giving him a Captaincy in the "Manchesters." That he has captained English elevens and been long accustomed to leadership on a small scale does, let us suppose, qualify him for a position of authority. But what counts for more than experience is character. Mr. Jessop will have his men with him heart and soul: he is a "sport."

*The Man and the Bat.* With him, the cricket is the man. At a time when the stylists held sway he did not hesitate to outrage all the laws of pretty batting. He was the "croucher" who banged as often as he could, and not seldom when he couldn't. Mr. Jessop always did the unexpected thing at the wicket, and sometimes he has done it elsewhere. He was, for instance, a vice-president of a woman's suffrage society; and there is a legend that it once took six policemen to move him on—but not in connection with the Vote. He has the neck of a bull and the manners of a lamb. Lucky the men who "play up" to his word of command!

*The Empty Frame.* Who will be the purchaser of the Sargent frame at Christie's? So many people in the last few years have asked Mr. Sargent to paint them and have been refused that this unexpected opening must inevitably provoke the keenest competition. Or will Mr. Sargent once more disappoint a host of potential sitters? There is one way in which he could fairly do so, and that is by buying the frame himself. It will cost him dear, but if he has grown to hate the business of portrait-painting it might be worth his while.



A FASHIONABLE MILITARY WEDDING: LADY MARY PARKER AND THE HON. LIONEL ST. AUBYN.

Lady Mary Parker, only sister of Lord Morley, was married the other day to the Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn, who is a brother of Lord St. Levan, and a Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He is also Equerry to H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany. Princess Alexander of Teck was present at St. George's, Hanover Square, and the Duchess of Albany was represented by Lady Evelyn Moreton. The bride was given away by her brother, and attended by her cousin, Miss Rosalind Benson. Captain Frederick Lister, Royal Artillery, was best man. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the church.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*

leisurely day's programme. And with the ladies the same thing happens. Does an intimate knowledge of bandaging throw them out of humour with the gayer science of pretty ribbons? Not at all. Take, for instance, Miss Nellie Hozier, who since her return from extraordinarily hard work among the wounded (she went through the desperate business at Mons) is more than ever brilliant in the matter of her gowns. She was radiant in Hyde Park on Sunday. Her sister, Mrs. Winston Churchill, like most people who have stayed at home, may have felt inclined to give rather less time than usual to her dress-maker; but the actual fighters or nurses who have been in the thick of it have no scruples. They know the need of distractions.

*The Danger of Stopping.* To get into the stride of war, and keep in it, is not the greatest trial of the fighting man. Leave is often the thing that causes him most trouble. He stands the strain while the strain is there, and is broken by it during a pause. A very curious instance is afforded by the case of Sir Henry Bellingham's son, who was found dead in his bed in France. He had spent a particularly hard week in the trenches, was commended by his commanding officer for "bold and fearless conduct," and was advised to snatch what rest he could before another arduous stretch of work came round. Captain Bellingham was lately A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen, and



THE FOOTBALLERS' CHAPLAIN: CAPTAIN THE REV. L. HAMILTON.

Captain the Rev. L. Hamilton, who has been appointed Chaplain to the Footballers' Battalion, is a well-known lover of outdoor sports, especially cricket. He has played for Durham County, and was Captain of Cheshire County until two years ago. For seven consecutive years he, and three of his brothers, played for the Gentlemen of Ireland.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*



A BRAVE RECRUITER: MAJOR J. HALL-EDWARDS, OF X-RAY FAME.

That skilful doctor, Major J. Hall-Edwards, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who has lost his left hand in the service of his fellow-men through his fearless experiments as a pioneer in the use of the X-rays, was present at a recent inspection of Birmingham City Battalions. Major Hall-Edwards has done much to stimulate recruiting in Birmingham, where he is very popular. He is seen on the left in the front seat of the car, with General Townley at the back. Other officers in the car are Major Hart and Captain Hutchinson.—[Photograph by H. Lowe.]



VERBOTEN!



THE GERMAN MOUSE (*to the German Cat*): Here, go away—you can't touch me without a bread-ticket.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.





VERY nice are the points of divergence between the King and his subjects in the matter of war-time manners. One instance is obvious enough. While his Majesty keeps clear of the Turf, a perfectly loyal and extremely influential group of Englishmen decide that it is proper for them to set an example in exactly the opposite sense. His Majesty does right to stop away; the Duke of Portland does wrong—so wrong as to be roundly abused—to suggest that the Jockey Club should lie quiet for the time being. Elsewhere the same sort of thing happens. There is always a subtle line drawn between the things that are suitable for the

Royal family and the things that are suitable for everybody else. One cannot help observing this in the theatres. A Gaby revue has a brilliant first night, full of people, but nobody dreams on such an occasion of looking for even the shadow of Royalty in the shadow of a box.

#### *The Première.*

Lady Diana Manners, naturally, was at the

Duke of York's, and Mr. Justice Horridge sat on the bench just below her box. The company, on the whole, was a young one: it could be ranged on Lady Diana's side of forty rather than on Mr. Justice Horridge's. While a Duke's daughter does not necessarily censor her day's programme very strictly on account of the war, her graver father cuts the gay Sir James out of his list of appropriate authors. He would probably turn up at a Shakespearean *première*, but Barrie he keeps for later on.

*The Serious Young Duchess.* The Duchess of Marlborough no longer takes her place among first-nighters. She belongs, though not by right of years, to the social leaders of the elder generation who take life, and the loss of life, too seriously to be in the mood for much amusement. One of the only theatres she has been to lately was His Majesty's last week, and that was to give a lecture on the work and aims of the Women's Emergency Corps. Nobody states a case better than the Duchess of Marlborough, or says grave things more charmingly.

*The Stowaways.* The quietest member of Sir James Barrie's audience was Mr. E. V. Lucas, who stole up to the empty gallery with a friend, "disguised" as a cinema operator. The disguise

was a simple one: it was assumed by the easy process of refraining from evening-dress. One luxury of an unobserved place in the gallery was a complete freedom from the necessity of applauding. The only sound that Mr. Lucas should, properly, have made was the buzz of a film-machine; but he did not carry the deception to such lengths. "E. V.'s" brother, Mr. Perceval Lucas, has, by the way, been "disguised" for the last four or five months as a private in the Royal Fusiliers.

#### *General d'Amade.*

Many of General d'Amade's English friends have wondered that he has been so little heard of since Sir John French paid him a compliment in one of the earliest of the despatches. Now he is given the command of the French troops sent against Turkey. No appointment could be more to his liking. He is used to the East, and still better used to the Britisher with whom he will find himself working. General d'Amade is more familiarly known in London than any other of the French leaders. He does not wear khaki, but at most other times England has tailored him, and half-a-dozen clubs round Pall Mall take a personal interest in his progress.

#### A MILITARY MARRIAGE: THE BRIDEGROOM, MAJOR SHUTER.

Major Reginald Gauntlett Shuter, D.S.O., Royal Irish Fusiliers, is the fourth surviving son of the late Charles Shuter, of Melbourne, Australia, and was married, on March 13, to Miss Muriel Ellis, of 8, Somers Place, Hyde Park, W.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



A PRETTY PORTRAIT GROUP: MRS. ACLAND-TROYTE AND HER LITTLE SON.

Mrs. Acland-Troyte, whose portrait we give, taken with her little son, John, is the wife of Mr. Herbert Acland-Troyte, of 35, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington, and was married in 1910.—[Photograph by Yeconde.]

#### *M. Paderewski's Return.*

Paderewski is back in London, with many things to tell of the disasters of war in the Eastern theatre—or rather, he has one thing to tell. Unlike the Belgian refugee, he is no chatterer. Our visitors from Brussels will talk indifferently of murders or the *menu*; they are equally bright in describing the mannerisms of exploding shells or the manners of the English people. But the pianist, always grave, is oppressed with one thought—the horror of the thing he has been near in Poland.

#### *From Lady Cunard's Shelves.*

Those people who, like Mr. Kipling and Sir Sidney Colvin, are giving autographs to the Red Cross Sale will doubtless help the funds very largely. And yet such things still go cheap. On a bookstall in Charing Cross Road the other day was found, for a shilling, a book with an inscription in the author's autograph "to Lady Cunard with George Moore's deep respect." A few weeks ago, an inscribed volume of the same writer's cost fifteen pounds under the hammer. Such are the ups and downs of collecting. Christie's, let us hope, will experience nothing but mountainous "ups."



IN A THREE-ARTS OVERALL: MISS LENA ASHWELL—AND BIRDS.

Miss Lena Ashwell, with her love of art and her womanly sympathy with all art-workers of her sex, is taking keen interest in the kindly work being done in this terrible war-time by the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund. Our picture shows her in the work-rooms of the Fund, wearing a pretty "Three-Arts" overall, and surrounded by toys made by workers employed by the Three Arts Fund.—[Photograph by Lena Connell.]



PERISCOPOMANIA.



THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE (*who has strayed into Htghgate Ponds*): Good Heavens! There's a periscope!

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.





## THE DANDY.

By JAN GORDON.

THE infernal drumming of guns, which had died down at night-fall, broke out again with the glimmer of the new dawn: gun-smoke smeared dirty finger-marks across the purity of the reddening sky, and, in the growing light, the mountain-tops seemed all afire, as though their very stones were smouldering. In the gloomy valleys, bursting shrapnel spotted the forests with sudden transient growths, like gigantic dandelion-heads, instantly dissipated by the morning breeze.

Crouching in a ditch which had been their shelter during the night, the pious-pious waited tensely. Marchand, the Lieutenant, a few paces to the rear, leaned on his sword, glancing backward from time to time at the cannon-smoke which drifted slowly up behind him. The concentrated immobility of the troop seemed to create a strange oasis of silence in the devil's racket of the cannonade. In the clear air above, two aeroplanes manoeuvred in large solemn spirals, strangely indifferent and aloof, though now and again a shrapnel suddenly splashed in the blue beneath them.

The fog of the cannon-smoke reached the soldiers, and they moved forward under its cover, coughing and spluttering in the reek, while the German shells, which had found the range at last, burst in flashes all round the advancing troop.

As the shard flipped amongst them, or when a shell buried itself at their feet without exploding, the pious-pious roared with laughter. Marchand, old soldier risen from the ranks, cursed and swore continually, searching his large vocabulary for exotic expressions; obscene jests flickered up and down the line, and the men flung personal remarks at each other. "Eh, Snoutie, take your nose out of the way of that splinter." Or, "This 'll shorten the Long-un a bit if he ain't careful."

Now and then some man cried "Touché," and dropped sprawling on the ground; others fell silently with a queer twisting motion. "Phut, Phut," went the shells overhead; and one, bursting after it had penetrated the earth, kicked up huge clouds of dust which settled heavily on some of the soldiers.

"Eh, eh," they cried, "you'd think we'd joined the baker's brigade."

One of the men pulled a small silver-backed clothes-brush from his pocket, and, still marching on, began to brush the dust from his coat.

"Hell!" cried the Lieutenant. "Here's the Dandy cleaning up for his funeral."

The young man turned at the jibe, adjusted a monocle which hung from his neck by a black ribbon, and stared at the old soldier superciliously from head to foot.

"Keep your cursed window-pane off me," shouted the Lieutenant, "or I'll crack your skull."

Capuchin, the Corporal, joined in—

"Eh, Dandy, it's the Germans will twist your moustache; they'll curl your hair for you, my beauty-boy; they'll brush your jacket."

The Dandy smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and, with the monocle fixed in his eye, marched on, still brushing the dust from the lapels of his coat. The breeze, blowing sluggishly, carried the smoke along the ground, and the heavy, stinking fumes swirled about the men as they climbed steadily up-hill. The German gunners lost the range once more, and their shells burst and popped harmlessly in the French rear. Occasionally the soldiers knelt, firing unaimed volleys into the eddying smoke.

Stray German bullets twanged off the stones, growing more and more numerous, till they sang about the French like a pest of angry

bees. Men were falling fast when Marchand, opening his lungs to their fullest extent, bellowed—

"*Chargez, mes enfants!* Oh, charge, you d—d recruits!"

The bugles sounded; and, roaring an echo to his shout, the line of men plunged upwards. In the yellow fog their bayonets flickered like tongues of flame. Marchand, springing between Stumpy and the Long-un, raced to the head of the troop, waving his sword in strange diagrams of wrath, and shouting like a costermonger. Capuchin suddenly stumbled and fell on his knees, shrieking "*Sacré! Sacré!*"—one hand clawing at his chest.

Untouched by the hail which had burst around him, the Dandy charged upwards, still gripping his monocle; beneath a daintily trimmed moustache his teeth were set in a wide white grin.

Nothing could stop that furious charge; yelling with the lust to kill, the French hurled themselves on the enemy. Marchand, at the head of his troop, sabred a yellow-haired gunner who was grinding a stream of death on to them from a machine-gun; but the Lieutenant staggered and fell in his turn, pierced by a bayonet.

The Dandy, sweating with berserk rage, stabbed the slayer, and sprang across the corpses. The French drove slowly up-hill, ducking and lunging in the smoke like fiends stoking the fires of hell. Up up, across a road, gleaming white in the dim sunlight, where two German ammunition-carts lay, wheels uppermost, in a ditch. Up . . . up. . .

Cries of German reinforcements came filtering through the fog; the pressure grew heavy from above; the attack wavered, halted, and then began to back downhill. . . . Across the gleaming road, now mottled with patches of red, and covered with still forms . . . across the trenches where the dead sprawled in uncouth attitudes . . .

The French retreated slowly, giving furious resistance; but the weight of numbers overbore them. The Long-un, his cheek ripped open by a bayonet-thrust, was stabbing and firing alternately with amazing rapidity. The Dandy buried his bayonet in the chest of a gigantic officer, and, in withdrawing it, broke the steel off at the haft. A German, using his rifle as a club, struck him down sideways. . . .

The cries and bellowing of the counter-attack passed slowly down the slopes, and shadowy Germans, hundreds upon hundreds, pushed towards the fight.

All the long day the battle roared, swaying about the hillside; dead and wounded lay or writhed with distorted gestures, and rifles, knapsacks, and haversacks strewed the ground between them, all scattered as if some wilful child were destroying playthings.

The Dandy, disentangling himself from a dead man who lay over him, sat up, gently rubbed a large bruise, and smiled wryly; finding his monocle still unbroken and hanging to its black ribbon, he screwed it into his eye.

He plunged his face into a cooling stream; further down the hill it would be running red like wine, but here was still pure and limpid. The Dandy extracted a cake of soap, a neat aluminium shaving-set, and a good double mirror from his knapsack. He shaved carefully, then, lighting a cigarette, sat watching the smoke through his eye-glass. Ever the huge bonfire of battle crackled and leaped on the hillside below.

"Adolphe, old chump," he murmured, "this is going to strain your thinking-box. If you do the parsley act here you'll be chewing sausage for a bit, whether you like it or not. Oh, Lord, that fellow did give me a thump—head sings like a chorus at the Vaudeville. *Sacré pigs!*"

When the bursting shells made sudden stars in the growing dusk, and dark, ominous figures—ghouls or ambulance-bearers—moved

[Continued overleaf.]



THE LAST CHANCE.



THE SERGEANT (to the recruit who has failed to hit the target at short range): Cease fire, Number 1. Fix bayonet, charge!—  
It's the only bloomin' 'ope you've got!

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.



stealthily among the dead and wounded, he climbed to his feet and scrambled away.

The cannonade ceased, but a roar still mounted from the valley below, a roar like the sound of a great city—like Paris, like the Paris which was so distant and so dear to the Dandy shivering in the cold of the night. Lulu and Jane and Madeline, the lights of the Café d'Harcourt, and the gay frivolity of the Bullier—all deserted because these *sacré* sausage-eaters couldn't keep quiet. . . . Ugh! how cold it was—how hungry he was getting!

He stumbled back till he found a trench of dead men, methodically searched their haversacks, wolfed the hard emergency rations he found till he had stayed his hunger, and pocketed the residue.

Next day he was high up on the mountain-side, driven from his course by the necessity of avoiding capture. The wind, he saw, was now blowing the smoke directly into the French lines, and behind its cover the Germans were rapidly changing their position, swinging across their rear, now in enormous masses, now in loose formation. Far behind the French fighting line a heliograph shone out.

Two French aeroplanes wheeled above, and presently one fell, twisting slowly about on its central axis till it crumpled into the trees. The heliograph twinkled on. The Dandy, an ex-telegraph employé, tried to read the message, but could make out nothing. "It's in cipher," he thought.

Huge clouds of dust behind the German lines marked the passage of a troop of motors. Then the Dandy realised that the second aeroplane was no longer visible. He had not seen it fall, but evidently something had happened.

Now the French were without eyes, battling sightlessly in the fog; while, the other side of the curtain, the Germans were planning unwatched, concentrating overwhelming forces. The Dandy stood up, careless of discovery, beside himself with rage, shouting, "*À droit, à droit.*" The heliograph winked as if in answer. "Ah, *sacré miroir!*" yelled the man. "*Sacré miroir!*" But he broke off short; even in saying this an idea had flashed upon him.

He felt in his pocket, whistled a long uprising note, and snapped his fingers. Then he looked about him. "Not here," he muttered; "they'd catch me here."

Passing some corpses, he stripped them of their cartridge-belts, picked up a couple of rifles, and from a dead officer took a revolver and ammunition.

At length, ensconced high up on the buttress of an overhanging rock, he pulled from his pocket the double shaving-mirror and wrenched the two glasses apart.

The French signalling-station poked up its poles and stays in the rear of the smoke-curtain. Near by, in an open field, four mechanics were sweating about a broken-winged aeroplane. The aviator, exhausted by a four-days' continuous battle, lay stretched on the grass, his head resting on his crossed arms. At the foot of the wireless masts was a large, caravan-like motor-wagon: soldiers, some chaffing, others lying half-asleep on the ground, waited round it. Sometimes one or other of them, called, would stride to the window, receive some paper, salute, mount a motor-cycle, and clatter away towards the fighting line.

Far away in the hills a spot of light twinkled violently, disappeared, then sprang out afresh. One of the men, out of curiosity, put up his field-glasses.

"Hello," he said, "someone's trying to signal. They're saying 'S.O.S. S.O.S.', and then 'Français, hello là bas.' " The others turned, looked for a moment, and scoffed at the notion. "But it is so," insisted the man. "They're signalling 'S.O.S. S.O.S. Français, hello là bas.' It's perfectly clear. Here, Charcot, get out your heliograph and answer him. Let's see what the d—d German is playing at."

The man sitting at the heliograph adjusted his mirrors and snapped out a reply. The distant spot twinkled in answer. Charcot flickered the keys. The knot of watching signallers grunted as they read the message from the far hills. Some laughed.

"May be something in it," said Charcot; "he uses good Parisian argot. Send it to the General, anyhow."

He scribbled rapidly.

All about the French lines of communication motor-cyclists buzzed like angry hornets. At a cross-road they swirled about like a whirlpool, coming, going, crossing and re-crossing in a never-ending stream. There, at this centre, was a huge steel car, and within the car General Sansot, his eyes drawn to thin lines from lack of sleep, his eyebrows and mouth fixed in never-wavering parallels, glowered over a map.

He looked up suddenly. "That aeroplane," he shouted. "Send another messenger."

"*Mon Général,*" said an officer, "word has just arrived. The aeroplane cannot be repaired in less than three or four hours."

Another officer approached and saluted.

"Message from the signal-station, *mon Général,*" he said, handing a despatch.

That spot of light away on the hillside had caused Charcot to write the following—

"To General commanding.—Have picked up a heliograph message

in French from the hills behind the enemy's lines. Herewith append message received—

"(1) 'S.O.S. S.O.S. Français. Hello là bas.' This is repeated many times. On our inquiring the identity of the signaller, we received the following—

"(2) 'Private Laporte, nicknamed the Dandy, No. 47259, 13th Regiment of the Line, ex-telegraph clerk; was stunned by the Bosches when attacking; have recovered, and am now in safety; am using pocket-mirror as helio. Can see everything. Important concentration in German lines to north of the yellow hill. Masses of machine-gun motors—will send further information when developed. End.'

"Message much interlarded with Parisian argot of a complicated nature. Should judge signaller to be French.—CHARCOT."

General Sansot turned to an orderly—

"Send a cyclist to the 13th. Bring back a corporal on the carrier. Full speed."

The little spot on the hillside twinkled on. Around Charcot the knot of men stared through their field-glasses, muttering in undertones.

"Noticed that both aeroplanes had been shot down. German concentration on the left seems to be weakening the centre, but this is defended by a strong battery of artillery a little to the rear. Any troops advancing on the centre would be murderously cut up. Look out."

General Sansot, after reading the second message, turned suddenly.

At the door of his car a soldier saluted. Two red-rimmed eyes glared in his filthy face, his clothes were in rags, and a dark, caked wound followed the line of his cheek-bone.

"Your name?" said Sansot.

"Long-un, *mon Général,*" stammered the man—"that is to say, Bollet, of the 13th."

"Your rank?"

"Acting-Lieutenant."

"Ah!" The General glanced at the man's sleeve. "Who promoted you?"

"Death, *mon Général.* All the officers were killed in the attack."

"Where is Laporte, of your regiment?"

"Missing—killed or wounded up on the hill yonder. Just as we turned to retreat; I was at his side when he was struck down."

"Is he an honest and brave man? Would he sell us to the Germans?"

"Never, never. He killed three Bosches at my side. We called him the Dandy because he wore an eyeglass and used scent; but he was a good chap underneath. *Voyez-vous*!"—the man snapped his fingers—"he was in the front rank, and killed the Bosche who downed our Lieutenant."

"Give me the names of two of his cronies," said the General, "and their nicknames. That will test him. Thank you. Now return to your regiment."

The heliograph twinkled like a star on the hills. In the field by the signal-station the mechanics hammered the damaged aeroplane. The aviator was asleep, lying on his back, and the sun shone on his reddened face.

"The sausage-fiends are going to attack me," read Charcot. "I have two rifles and two revolvers, and am in an impregnable situation. Will continue message when I have killed them all."

Charcot, staring through his glasses, thought he could see flashes of flame where the little star had shone, but it was too distant for any certainty.

After an interminable interval, Laporte signalled again—

"I have wiped them out, but have very little ammunition left in case of a second attack. I continue to give detailed accounts of the German movements."

Later, when the great concentration had failed and broken in an assault on the strengthened French front, General Sansot signalled congratulations. It was strange sending these messages of warm appreciation to a mere speck of light miles away.

But Laporte answered: "Thank you, thank you, *mon Général.*" Then, "The Germans are going to attack me again. When my ammunition gives out I shall take to the bayonet. They can't stand being tickled under the ribs."

The spot of light steadied once again, then broke out—

"That is all. Ammunition finished. They are climbing nearer—good-bye. . . . *Viv* . . ." It broke off abruptly.

Charcot could imagine the lonely figure, stabbing, stabbing, over the edge of his entrenchments . . . and the assailants swarming up . . . and over . . .

The distant heliograph flashed vividly, once—into nothingness. . .

General Sansot, reading the unfinished message, solemnly touched his gold-laced cap and turned to the men—

"Messieurs," he said, "we salute a hero." Then, looking towards the smoking frontier, "*Qui vit quand même.*"

With a roar, the officers and messengers gathered about him, taking up Laporte's message where it had ceased—

"La France!"

Like an embodiment of the shout, the aeroplane soared up against the sky.

THE END.



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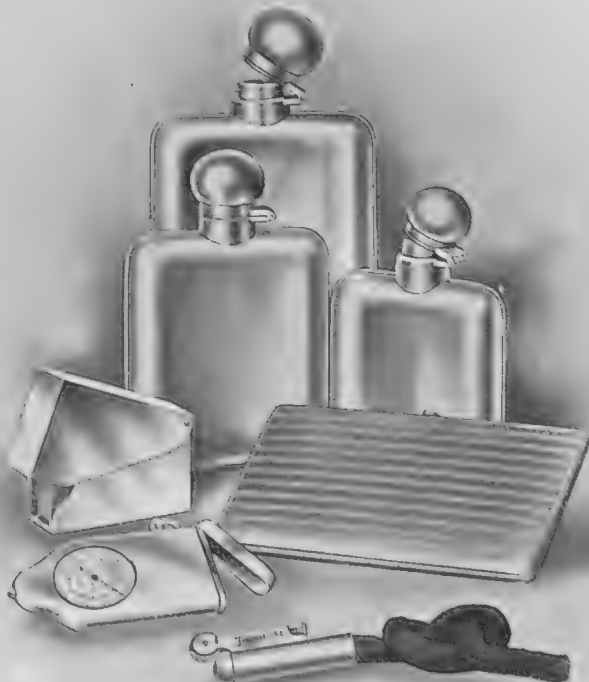
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Brighton in Khaki.**

For military reasons, wild motor-cars shall not drag from me the number of troops stationed, or training, in Brighton or hereabouts; but the outstanding fact is that Brighton, once riotous with many-coloured raiment, is now literally brown with khaki. The soldiers' uniforms belong to all classes, from the cavalry Major lunching with half-a-dozen adoring female relatives at the Métropole to the newly recruited office-boy or farm-hand; and in their mass they make the King's Road, on Sunday, a long smudge of warm sand-colour. It was amazing, incredible; and not the least reassuring thing in the unique spectacle were the cheery faces, the high courage, of the soldiers. But if the living, moving masses of men who sunned themselves on the King's Road were dun-coloured, Brighton itself looked gayer and more *chic* than ever. It was white, and red, and clear grey against an ethereal blue sky, and the shingle looked as

pink as that of Dieppe, laved by a pale azure sea. The day, indeed, belonged—and rightly—to the military. Regiments marched by to church, and in the afternoon Tommy swarmed on the piers, while his officers took tea at the smart hotels, and the men of the "Home Defence" marched by with their bands—grizzled, middle-aged professional men in slouch-hats and arm-bands, men who had forsaken utterly their golf and their bridge to "do their bit" for the protection of the coast.

**The Luck of Brighton.**

Fashions in places may veer and change, and of late years Brighton has been a little neglected by the classes who spend money profusely. In the winter these people were in Cairo or Delhi, at St. Moritz or Cannes; they could not come, even for week-ends, to this little London-by-the-Sea. But with the war the luck of the place has come back to it, and you need only step out of your hotel door to bump up against a dozen amusing Londoners. The place itself looks ultra-smart, for the painters have been busy with their pots of white, and with red-and-white striped awnings and green railings many of the hotels have that gay and inviting exterior which we associate with inns in Southern Europe. The restaurants of these hotels look so Parisian (outside), with their windows discreetly veiled by white lace, that one instantly anticipates, with thrills, French cookery within. Then Brighton knows how to amuse all visitors according to their intelligence, so that you can choose Ibsen's "Master Builder," or John Galsworthy's "Silver Box"—capitally played by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre—or the usual cowboy melodrama of the swarming picture-shows. And all these amusements are so cheap that even in war-time you are reckless, and disburse a florin for a

**The Only Chic Town in England.**

I fancy the reason why French people like Brighton is that it has a real *chic* of its own. That air, that atmosphere is, of course, Georgian—and of the Fourth George, who invented the place, gave it its *cachet* and its fashion. I will cheerfully give you all the late Victorian and Edwardian splendours of Hove, if you will let me have the Steyne, the Pavilion (adorable monstrosity, like some hideous Chinese monster), and all the white hotels, with their fat, bulging bow-windows, which closely resemble the illustrious figure of the Regent. Here I can see Mrs. Fitzherbert and all the short-waisted ladies of the Court in their huge hats and skimpy skirts; and over there, crossing the great square, are Ethel Newcome—saucy and very "modern" minx—and her lover Clive. Did they not come down, one evening, in one of those new-fangled trains, accompanied only by an ancient maid, and is it not written in their history that Clive kissed Ethel in the darkness of the Merstham Tunnel? They did, and it happened again, singularly enough, yesterday, for when I looked again the young man is very smart in khaki, and Ethel wears a bright new hat and a spreading skirt—but her name is not Newcome. So the generations succeed one another; and Brighton, with varying fortunes, always seems to score in the end. To-day she is a military centre as well as a refuge for Londoners getting over influenza.

**Watchman, What of the Night?**

If we are gay and glittering by day, it must not be supposed we are foolhardy, and expose the incomparable Brighton front to aerial raids by the enemy. It is not too much to say that these South Coast towns are about the darkest spots on earth when darkness falls. There are no street-lamps, and every window is shuttered and curtained so that no ray of light is seen. Those shores of Britain which might be attacked from the skies are wrapped in a black velvet mantle. Yet the theatres and music-halls and cinemas all give evening entertainments, and taxis throng the side-streets ready to take their audiences home again. It is a miracle of driving, but it entails a good deal of heated dialogue between the chauffeurs; and how people find their own cars in the Cimmerian blackness is a continual puzzle. Behind blinds, Brighton is as cheerful as untoward circumstances permit. Personally, I find this brave front the best possible augury of success in the war. In defeat and adversity, as well as in victory and hopefulness, English men and women refuse to be either scared or unduly elated. We intend to show that we care as much, and more, for our Empire as any German does for his, and that England is just as precious to us as *la patrie* is to the gallant French. If our Allies misunderstand our smiling demeanour at the moment, they will appreciate it as the months, and the war, go on.



IN "DREADNOUGHT" GREY:  
A USEFUL SUIT.

This is a useful suit of "Dreadnought" grey whip-cord, trimmed with buttons and loops of its own material. A black patent-leather belt encircles the waist, passing through gathers and only appearing in front, where it is fastened with a gun-metal buckle. The small, round hat is of black varnished straw with a wisp of bright emerald-green.

stall at least once in the twenty-four hours. Brighton, like Blackpool, and like the Coliseum in London, has learned that the secret of success lies in modest prices.



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In "raisin" brown velours with a waistcoat of brown-and-white striped cloth, this costume gains additional distinction by its hat of brown taffeta with a brim of white straw and a white velvet rose, with which is worn one of the new lace veils in brown.





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The full recognition of this higher and fuller responsibility to the public is the keynote of the modern policy of Tootals. It is the 20th century expression of that systematic evolution which has marked the steady development of Tootals throughout its long history of achievement, and which, moreover, indicates its path of future development.

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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Our Sex in Uniform and in Livery.

the streets uniformed, looking a little bit martial.



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN EDMUND TAYLOR: MRS. MABEL HARRIS.

Mrs. Harris is the widow of Mr. Herbert James Harris, of Bowden, Lacock, Wiltshire. Mr. Taylor is the third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, of The Rocks, Marshfield, Gloucestershire.

Photograph by Swaine.

There are the Women Volunteer Reserves too, and very well they look. Now there is a movement, which was made abortively in times of peace, to replace men-servants by liveried women-servants.

## For Work in French Hospitals.

Lady Diana Manners has done very well with her hospital training, which, if short, is said to have been thorough, and Lady Diana, having given her singularly bright intelligence to the matter, has the theory at her finger-ends, while her hospital patients all swear by her. No doubt, a pretty nurse is half-way to a good one. Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower passed first-aid and home-nursing lectures, and then became a patient herself, being obliged to have a slight operation on her tonsils: a lot may be learned by being a patient. Miss Chaplin is at work in Serbia, where typhus fever is raging. She had a year and some months' general hospital training in London, and is a very resourceful and capable lady. Miss Neil Fraser, the well-known golfer, has laid down her life out there. Lady Dorothea Feilding is still busy in Belgium, Millicent Duchess of Sutherland and the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Fiennes are running hospitals close to Dunkerque, the Duchess of Westminster one at Le Touquet.

## "A Good Name"

Is better than riches" sounds like Solomon, and, if it isn't, is equally wise and true with one of the proverbs. There is a good name attached to Pond's Extract Company which is of world-wide influence. All of us who have studied first aid know the value of Pond's Extract in all cases of cuts, wounds, burns, bruises, scalds, inflammation, bleeding (internal or external), hæmorrhoids, sore feet, inflamed eyes, neuralgia, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. It is, in fact, a household doctor always at hand and in readiness. Pond's vanishing cream is a great favourite with our sex; we find it most beneficial and delightful, and it keeps the skin soft and free from

blemish in spite of east winds or other unfavourable influences. Pond's tooth-paste is a very efficient and refreshing dentifrice, and Pond's face-powder is perfectly pure and very good. There are also Pond's cold cream, antiseptic cold cream, and extract ointment—all of them splendid preparations. They can be purchased at any good chemists' or stores; or they can be obtained at once from Pond's Extract Company, 71, Southamp-ton Row, W.C.

## The Glory of a Woman

Is her hair, and it is a glory particular to Englishwomen. Sometimes we are rather hard on our hair, and fail to stimulate and help it to keep luxuriant and brilliant. An excellent food for the hair, Tozana, is very quick in its rejuvenating effect. It keeps the colour good, and is so effective a tonic that it quickly restores brilliance, stops falling-out, and starts a new and healthy

growth. It is prepared specially in a strength for gentlemen's use, and arrests a tendency to baldness, promoting growth. It is a general cleanser and antiseptic, and a great nourisher of the roots. Medical men bear testimony to its value. Tozana Hair Food can be obtained in bottles at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s. of all chemists and hairdressers everywhere; a generous trial bottle will be sent post free for 1s. The address of the company is the Tozana Perfumery Company, Tozana House, King's Cross; it is all British.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN D. KER: MISS A. J. POLLOCK.

Miss Pollock is the daughter of Mrs. Pollock, of Mountaintown, Co. Meath. Captain Ker, of the North Irish Horse, is the son of Mr. R. B. Ker, of Portavo, Donaghadee.—[Photograph by Langferr.]



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT J. W. DOUGLAS MALLINS: MISS GWEN MOON.

Miss Moon is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moon, of Darlington, Durham. Mr. Mallins, of the Royal Engineers, is the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Mallins, J.P., and Mrs. Mallins, of Alderstokey, Kent.

Photograph by Saroni.

## Spring Fashions for Smart Heads.

It is the way of womankind to go for spring fashions head foremost. New hats are almost invariably the first spring purchase. In Marshall and Snelgrove's pretty, harmonious grey salons there is a delightful variety of smart and most becoming spring millinery. A hat of black glacé with a small turned-up brim of lisère straw, the glacé draped high at one side and finished with a bow at the back, is simple, and yet smart to a degree and very becoming. Fascinating, too, is a dark-blue pedal-straw hat with a brim turned up slightly, and faced with mastic faille, and a broad bow tied in front. A neat yet very stylish effect is secured in a small hat of black Tagel straw, with big straw pins crossed near the front, and with a long depending filmy

lace veil. Quite a pie-dish shape and most becoming is a hat of black faille having a pearl dahlia in front and one of jet behind, also cute little narrow black velvet strings. There are very desirable taffeta hats from 15s. 6d., and rush-straw hats in becoming shapes and many colours at 12s. 9d. There is, in fact, a splendid choice of millinery at Marshall and Snelgrove's, the principal notes of it being good style, prettiness, becomingness, and smartness, combined with the attribute called ladylike in Victorian days, now better described as absence of bizarre and sensational effect and presence of dignity.



A FAMOUS ACTRESS WEDDED TO AN OFFICER OF THE ARMY: MISS EDYTH GOODALL, WHO HAS MARRIED SECOND LIEUTENANT FRANCIS SCHUSTER.

The wedding took place quietly the other day of Miss Edyth Goodall (best known in London for her fine performances in "Within the Law" and "Hindle Wakes") and Second Lieutenant Francis Schuster, of the 3rd Batt. County of London Yeomanry, son of Professor Arthur Schuster, Secretary of the Royal Society.—[Photograph by Hapfel.]



ENGAGED TO MR. WILSON BOLLEN HAVILAND: MISS BERYL MARION DURAND.

Miss Durand is the third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edward Durand, Bt., C.B., and Lady Durand, of 35, Ennismore Gardens. Mr. Bollen Haviland is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER IN THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE: THE COUNTESS OF CARNWATH.

The Earl of Carnwath, a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Service, is at present at the Yarmouth Air Station. Lady Carnwath was Miss Maude Maitland Savile, and is daughter of Mr. John Eden Savile, of St Martin's, Stamford. Her marriage took place in 1910.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



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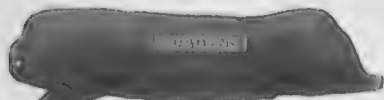
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TRY AGAIN! SOME DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME: A MEMORY TAX.

### Unsolved Problems.

Sundry problems there are in connection with motor-car design which time and custom have allowed us to regard as incapable of being solved. One is the building of a car in such a way that it can turn round in as small a circle as that of a horse and carriage; another is how to provide adequate space for the luggage of four people on a touring-car; and a third is how to remove the old-time difficulty of the want of direct access to the driver's seat. The first-named is undoubtedly insuperable; the second would be simplicity itself if the demand were larger. But, though tourists are by no means an formidable body, they are exceeded in numbers by those whose journeys mostly radiate from a given centre; the third problem, however, is not only easily capable of solution, but, indeed, in isolated cases has actually been solved. That nearly every driver should be unable to hand a lady to the front seat and then get in himself at his own side, instead of, as is usually the case, scrambling in while she is kept waiting on the road, is an unnecessary and long-standing mystery. Gear-boxes nowadays are usually much more forward than of yore, especially when we have so many types of casting on the single-unit system; hence it should not be difficult to leave sufficient space between the side-levers and the front seat to allow of the driver passing between. Matters are simplified still further in the case of that natty little car, the 10-h.p. Humber, by the placing of the brake-lever at an acute angle, so that it can be stepped over with ease; at the same time, it is within easy reach of the driver's hand, and the brake itself is in every way efficient.

**Left-Handed Control.** The importance of the matter is accentuated by the fact that many American cars are now on the British market fitted with central control-levers, thus leaving the side-door on the driver's side entirely free. This result, however, is arrived at purely by a fluke. In America the driver often sits on the left, with the control-levers at his right hand, and they are therefore in the centre of the frame; but for the British market the steering-column is transposed. The levers, however, are allowed to remain as they were, to save expense, thus necessitating the use of the left hand, to which the average man is not accustomed. Some British firms, it may be added, having entirely abandoned all notions of designing access to the driver's seat, now fail to fit a door on the right-hand side. None the less, it is a great convenience to a driver, even if he cannot board the car there, to be able to open a door on his own side and obtain access to various parts requiring lubrication or other attentions.

### A Backward Step.

Countless improvements, of course, have been made in both construction and design in almost every detail of the modern chassis, and nothing is more remarkable than the efficiency obtained from the modern high-speed engine with pistons of Lilliputian dimensions. There is just one respect, however, in which not only has no progress been made, but there may even be said to be a distinct retrogression. The necessity for changing gears at all has always been, from the engineering point of view, the worst feature of the petrol-driven car. Improved carburettors and more flexible motors have removed the objection to a very material extent on cars of appreciable power, and in any but the hilliest of country one is accustomed to travel uniformly on the top gear. Light cars, however, that are driven by little high-speed motors which must be kept constantly at work, have caused the art of driving to be studied anew by men who had long since regarded themselves as in every way adept. In the old days we never heard of "de-clutching"; now it is part and parcel of every driver's training. It is practically impossible on many present-day cars to change downwards without going through seven separate movements, however quickly the expert driver may go through the lot. First, the clutch must be taken out; then the change-speed lever must be moved into a neutral position; then the clutch must be let in; fourthly, the accelerator pedal must be depressed or the throttle lever advanced; then the clutch must be again removed; sixthly, the change lever must be pushed or pulled into the next gear; and, finally, the clutch must be let in.



THE ZEPPELIN IN THE LION'S MOUTH: A NAVAL ANTI-AIR-CRAFT MOTOR MASCOT.

This photograph represents the British Lion eating up a Zeppelin. It is the mascot adopted by an officer in charge of one of the Royal Navy anti-air-craft motor-cars. Incidentally, it may be added that the original photograph bears officially stamped on its back the imprimatur, "Passed by the Censor."—[Photograph by S. and G.]



BOTH POPULAR FAVOURITES: MISS MODESTA DALY, WHO IS TO BE IN "BETTY," AT DALY'S; AND HER 20-30-H.P. FIAT LIMOUSINE-LANDAULETTE.

### A Complex System.

The sequence of these seven distinct operations has to be memorised and practised, as compared with the simplicity of the old days, when one merely took out the clutch, gave one movement to the lever, and then let the clutch spring back. However skilful a driver may become, moreover, these sevenfold system is always, by reason of its complexity, more liable to occasional error than used to be the case. The cardinal feature of the situation, however, it may be explained for the benefit of the tyro, is not so much the correct sequence of the movements—essential though it may be—as the degree of pressure which is imparted to the accelerator. This is a matter of great nicety, and can only be determined by actual practice on each particular car; but during the process of experimentation the gears are liable to suffer. High-speed engines have their advantages, among which is the reduction of the Treasury tax; but they have also their disadvantages, of which the increased difficulty of gear-changing is by no means the least.



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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

WE shall hear again of Mr. C. K. Munro, the author of "Wanderers," the latest production of the Stage Society.

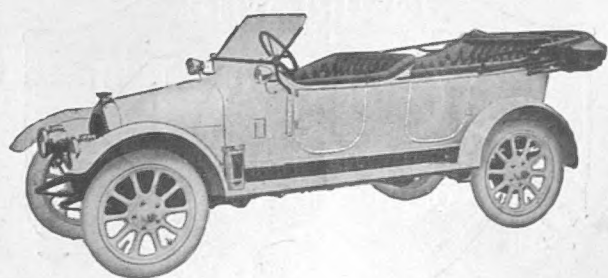
The piece itself would not do for the ordinary stage, even if some needlessly offensive touches in the last scene were removed, since the subject is too slight for the length of the work and the constructive skill shown. There remains the fact that the author can create character and write dialogue cleverly, and has obvious enthusiasm for the stage. He has been reproached with the fact that his hero was a prig and a bore; but this seemed to me rather unjust, for I think that he meant to paint a bore and a prig. If he did not, then I am sadly wrong in my estimate of him. If the piece could have been played in two hours instead of three and a half, the house would have enjoyed it greatly; unfortunately, the extra ninety minutes consisted of *entr'actes* and pauses in the dialogue during which the players did silent business—no blame, I think, to the players, but to the stage directions. Quite a noteworthy performance, with extremely good work by two experienced players, Miss Claire Greet and Mr. Robert Fergusson; and admirably hopeful acting by three young people—Mr. Cowley Wright, Miss Dorothy Warren, and Miss Thelma Giddens. The last-named is said to have made her debut in this play: she had a heavy, difficult task, which she accomplished most successfully. She ought to go far.

The Barrie revue had a dangerous preliminary boom, and, if one takes into account the booming of Miss Gaby Deslys, was, perhaps, more talked of in advance than it will be afterwards. Why give "Rosy Rapture" without a break? For the best part of three hours we were sitting like bumps on a log during a show that had no pretence at coherence, and many of us were longing to get up and stretch our legs and have a cigarette. And why, in a chaotic, elastic piece, give us Miss Deslys as a sort of Hobson's choice? We had to like her or lump it, so far as actresses are concerned, for the other two ladies had hardly anything to do. Now, undoubtedly some people like Miss Deslys very much; but there are others who neither like her work nor admire it. I wonder whether, from internal evidence, anybody could have guessed that the burlesque (for the author scorns the term revue) was written by Sir James Barrie—I think not. A few passages would have given the idea that someone was trying to imitate him; and it was not the Barrie parts that, as a rule, went very well. The chief successes of the evening were a kind of "Sister Susie" song about telephoning to Ipswich, very cleverly sung by Mr. Jack Norworth; a typical Gaby Deslys dance, obviously quite out of the character of Rosy; and the

cinematograph pictures, supposed to represent a baby and her adventure with gipsies. By-the-bye, the film, which was obviously American and quite funny, did not represent gipsies, but some kind of band of foreign brigands. The Barriesque note lay in a skit upon the wardrobe drama of which we had a mere flash a year ago, and this was so little understood that some people took the author to be suggesting that the husband, wife, and lover triangle drama had been killed by the war, whereas he really pretended that "A Pair of Silk Stockings" had slain it. The funniest thing in the piece was the business where "the superbly incompetent Chorus" kept crushing the leading lady when she tried to sing—Miss Gertrude Lang did her singing rather nicely; the dullest was the interviewing of Rosy Rapture. Mr. Eric Lewis was funny when he had a chance. Mr. Leon Quartermaine struggled bravely to be amusing as the stage lover outcast from drama; and this pair were comic in the inevitable burlesque on "David Copperfield."

On the same evening we had the real Barrie in the little gem called "The New Word," worth a score of such revues. Here, with the nicest humour and delicate tenderness, the author made fun of our English reticence, and the difficulty of a father and grown-up son in showing to one another their mutual affection. Then, with the finest art, Sir James showed how the war and the son's uniform had broken down the barrier, and their affection became articulate—very timidly articulate. Nobody else could have written this delightful short play. Barrie at his best and Barrie at his worst during one evening! Mr. O. B. Clarence presented the father quite perfectly, and Miss Helen Haye acted the mother's part beautifully.

Mr. E. F. Benson's playlet, "Dinner for Eight," presented at the Ambassadors' as prelude to "Odds and Ends," is neat and amusing, but not quite up to the "Dodo" standard in wit or character-drawing. Moreover, we are getting rather tired of telephone plays: they seem a bit too easy; so there was a mild ripple of laughter whilst we heard Mrs. Audley inviting six friends by 'phone to come to dinner that evening, and then putting them off by fibs because her husband turned up from Nuneaton to take her to supper. Nuneaton rather intrigued me: it was deemed very quaint that her husband should be stationed as a Yeoman at Nuneaton. The audience and I know that there is such a place, but not that its name or character has anything peculiarly comic in it. Miss Viola Tree wore some amazing frocks, and had designed an eccentric, terrible dressing-room, but there was not much acting for her to do in the part of a young married woman, suggesting a type which we hope will vanish during the war. Miss Maidie Hope presented the lady's-maid quite cleverly.



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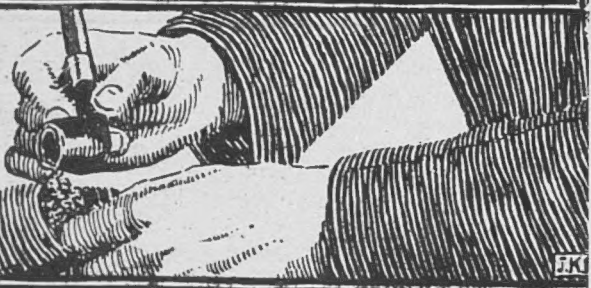
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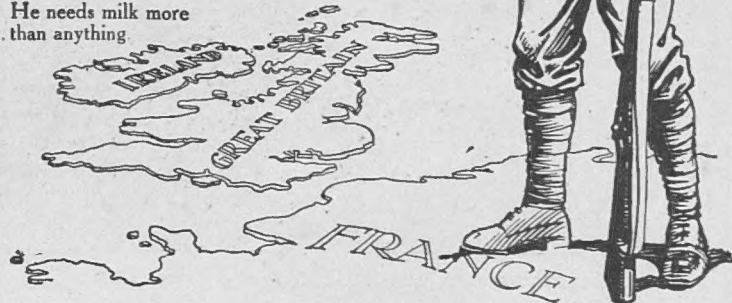
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March 31 1915

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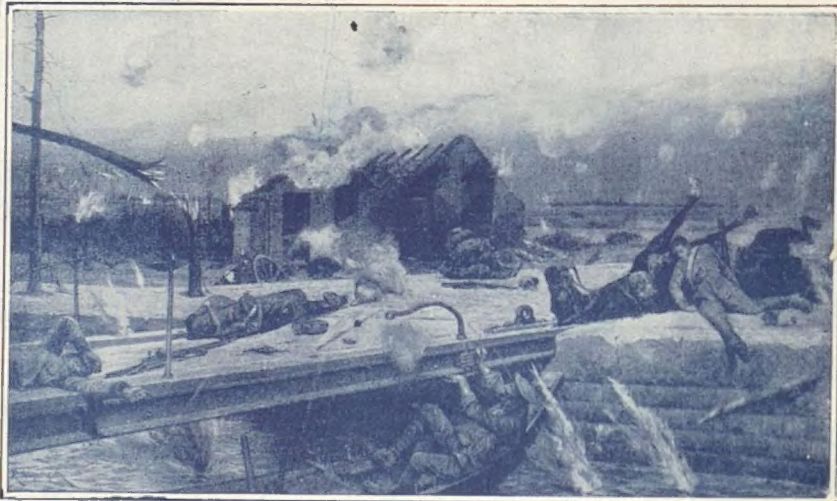
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